THE SCHOOL-BOY: OR, THE Comical Rival.

A

COMEDY.

As it has been often ACTED at the *Theatre-Royal* in *Drury-Lane*, with great Applauſe.

LONDON,

Printed for *Ben. Bragg* at the *Black-Raven* in *Pater-noſter-Row*. 1707.

THE SCHOOL-BOY:

OR, THE

Comical Rival.

A

COMEDY.

BRITISH LIBRARY

THE PREFACE.

'TWas the Novelty of this Season that advanc'd the Design of Publiſhing this Comedy, in which, there has not been generally that Glut of New Plays, ſo frequently the Product of the Theatres for ſome Years paſt; where, now and then, and but now and then, a good Play appear'd; while bad ones, like Thiſtles, ſprung up ſo faſt, they choak'd both the Houſes. People in chuſing their Diverſions, as in chuſing

ſing their Diet, make Variety as often a fault as a Delight, and that which in a Plenty might be look'd upon too Trifling to Entertain the Town with, may now ſerve 'em like Winter Fruit to piddle upon a little.

Not to mention the eſtabliſh'd Reputation of the Author, there is a pretty Plot, and a pretty Meaning to ſet it off, and if the Succeſs it meets with from the Preſs be anſwerable to that it received on the Stage, the Bookſeller will have no cauſe to repent the hazard he run of Printing it: I muſt confeſs it was a kind of Adjective, and ſeldom ſtood by it ſelf, yet with what other Play it was ever Acted, it generally diverted the Audience, and that is a ſufficient Authority as well as an Encouragement for its Appearance here; and not

not that only, for by the Separation of the Players it lay Idle, and could not any ſooner be made ſerviceable to Divert the Town again, than by putting it under the Character it now ſtands in, in which it was fairly left to the Opinion of the Reader.

Perſons

Perſons Names.

MEN.

Major *Rakiſh*	An Old Humourſome, VVicked Fellow.
Youug *Rakiſh*	His Son whom he keeps at ſhort Allowance.
Friendly,	Friend to Young *Rakiſh*.
Maſter *Johnny*,	The School-Boy, a childiſh furly Sprig.
Father *Benedict*,	A *French* Jeſuit.
Tom.	Footman to Young *Rakiſh*.

WOMEN.

Lady *Manlove*,	Mother to Maſter *Johnny*.
Lettice,	Her Maid.
Betty,	

THE

THE SCHOOL BOY OR THE COMICAL RIVAL.

ACT. I. *Scene the Park.*

Enter Young Rakish *and* Friendly.

Y. R. DEar *Friendly!*

Fr. Hah! *Jack Rakish!* how goes the world? What says the Old Spark your Father does his good humour hold ſtill?

Y. R. His humour's indeed the ſame, tho I cannot ſay much for the goodneſs of it.

Fr. How ſo! are not you as free with him, as you uſe to be?

T. R. Yes, and he's as free with me too. The Soul of me at leaſt, my pleaſures I mean: of all the Vices this Town affords, and (heaven bleſs the Reformers) there's a pretty conſiderable ſtock left ſtill, I can't keep one to my ſelf for him: He out does me at my own weapons, out drinks me, out Whores me, out Swears me, out Lyes me, out Wits me, and which I'll never forgive him—he out lives me too.

Fr. That indeed may be the worſt part of your fortune what has not he increas'd your allowance yet?

T. R. The Title of it he has, but my Income's much leſs then ever it was.

Fr. How do you mean?

T. R. Why he has oblig'd me, upon making it up two hundred Pounds a Year, to play with him every Quarter for fifty pounds at Picquet and Bagamon: Both which he underſtands ſo muſt better than I, that I conſtantly loſe, receive my Rent in nothing but Repigues, Capotts, Gamons and Doublets.

Fr. Why at this rate he allows you nothing at all.

T. R. Not ſo much as the Deal or the Dice, by *Jubiter.*

Fr. How can you live without Money?

T. R. Faith I am heartily weary of it, and was this minute thinking of a project to bring him to better Articles.

Fr. Can I aſſiſt you?

T. R I can't tell but you may, you muſt know I am (or may be at leaſt) his Rival in my Lady *Man love.* She has given me encouragement, which he is ſome times very uneaſie at: Now I have no way ſo likely to carry my point, as by flatly telling him, unleſs he immediately complies, I am poſitively reſolved to purſue my fortune hither.

Fr. You

Fr. You coc'd not have thought better, ſtand to it ſtoutly, I warrant you bring him down to the Ready down.

T. R. D'ye think ſo, I gad Old Gentleman look to your ſelf, or I may chance to jump into the Saddle before you: But ſee here he comes, ten to one, he is now going to Viſit her

Fr. Hark you, ſuppoſe you give me leave to try his good nature firſt, you'l then have a fairer excuſe for taking his Miſtriſs from him.

T. R. VVith all my heart: I'll be near enough in the next walk to over hear you, but if you can make nothing of him, I'll ev'n attack him my ſelf, aud come down point blank to the buſineſs.

Fr. Away. (*Ex.*

Enter Major Rakiſh *Singing.*

Major. Toll-h-dum-dum, &c. —— ha! my little *Ned*, how'iſt?

Fr. At your Service Major: you'r brisk and hearty, ſtill I ſee, how do's your Son pray?

Maj. O! A ſad dog! the Boy's ruined, ſtript, ſtript every day. The puppy will play, though he knows no more of the Lay, than a Milkwoman: Why yeſterday, now, I pay'd him 50*l.* for his Quarteridge, I warrant by this time, the Bubble has not ſo much as a ſingle Guinea to play at even and odd with.

Fr. He tells me, that you always ſtrip him, and have oblig'd him to play with you once a quarter

Maj. That

Maj. That's true, for if I did not take care, he would be throwing it away next minuet: So I am forced to oblige him to play with me, tho I know the Dog wou'd rather any Scoundrel shou'd win it then his Father.

Fr. But this is allowing him nothing in the end, Major.

Maj. Nothing! why don't I pay him constantly every quarter.

Fr. Ay, but you constantly strip him every quarter: Faith Major, this way will but drive him to some Extavagance at last.

Maj. Extravagance! a Hang Dog! has not nature given him a stronge Back? Let him live by that, or let him do as I did, turn Beau and live upon Tick; let him be civil to his Landress, say soft things to his Sempstress, help his Taylor to custom, Dine with my Lord *Openhouse*, Bilk his lodgings, and now and then sharp a Play in the Side-Box.

Fr. This I know he's very often forced to do: but I believe he's heartily weary on't, for I heard him say lately, he had some thoughts of marrying my Lady *Manlove*: Now in my Opinion she wou'd be a much properer match for you: Therefore I wou'd even advise you to pay him his allowance clear, and let him quit his Pretences to her.

Maj. His Pretences, a poor Dog! from what! his Estate! Three Shirts two Wiggs and a Snuff-box, do's the Nouse Crown think to frighten me there, I'll try that presently. I'll visit her this minute: she Dog shall starve this twelvemonth for his Impudence.

Enter

Enter young Rakish.

Y. R. Say you ſo! Old Gentleman! nay then 'tis time to look about me Sir. (*Pulls the Maj. by the Sleeve.*

Maj. Ha! art thou there my dear Smock-face,

Y. R. If you'r not in extraordinary haſt, may I beg the favour to know whither you'r going.

Maj. VVhy doſt ask, my Chicken.

Y. R. Becauſe Sir *I* have ſome reaſon to believe it may be to my Lady *Man-love*: therefore *I* thought fit to inform you, it would not be a very proper time, Sir, for *I*'m going thither my ſelf.

Maj Ad'ſo, that's true, *I* hear thou'rt going to Marry her.

Y. R. That's as *I* ſhall think fit, Sir.

Maj. Hah: haſt thou nothing elſe to ſay to me my Love.

Y. R. Sir, if you had any thoughts of goin, in plain terms *I* ſhant care to ſee you there.

Maj. Hah!

Y. R. For my buſineſs with her is private.

Maj. *Is* it?

Y. R. Therefore your Company will but diſturb us Sir.

Maj. Diſturb you, Ha!

Y. R. *I* hear Sir, you make Pretences there.

Maj. Doſt thou.

Y. R. And *I* adviſe you as a Friend to give them over.

Maj. Say no more, my little *Jacky*. (*Going*

Y. R. Sir, *I* have a great deal more to ſay.

Maj. Say it.

Y. R. In ſhort, Sir, *I* find your good nature, and my Fortune are ſo very low, that *I* am reſolved to marry her.

Maj. To

Maj. To marry her?—very good—But upon condition I will pay thee thy two Hundred Pound a year Conſtantly, Tax and play free, thou art willing to renounce all claim to her, ha! is't not ſo, my little *Jacky*? Come ſpeake you dear bluſhing Rogue you, ſpeake.

T. R. Look you Sir, in conſideration that you are my Father, and one I would not willingly be a Rival to; make it four hundred a year, and I'll have no more to ſay to her.

Maj. Four hundred my Child! wilt thou bate me nothing.

T. R. I'm at a word, Sir.

Maj. At a word my little *Jacky*! nay then for a quiet life do you ſee. I will give, I will give thee, let me ſee what! Oh! the Devil a groat my little *Jacky*! b'ye *Ned*. Tol. Tol. (*Exit Singing.*

Fr. Faith *Jack*, this I confeſs is provoking, what will you do.

T. R. Be revanged, and Rival him this moment.

Fr. Can I ſerve you?

T. R. Can you lend me your Lodging this afternoon, if a man ſhou'd have occaſion for 'em.

Fr. Any thing *I* have's at your ſervice.

T. R. *I* thank you, dear *Ned*, adieu, if *I* ſucceed you ſhall hear from me.

Fr. Good luck to you (*Ex.*

T. R. Let me ſee! here have *I* revenge, a good Eſtate, Marriage and an Old VVoman all together, in one Diſh--Now to conſult my Stomach a little; revenge is a pretty holow bitt, that's the truth on't, and 1500*l.* a year is well enough for a ſtarving young Fellow to piddle upon. But then again, Marriage is Hell, and an Old Woman the Devil—Well, and what's a Young one, the ſame after a moth's poſſaſſion. Old, would they were fourſcore, for I'gad upon ſecond thoughts, when a Man is to be nooſed, who

who the Devil would complain to be tyed up in a rotten Halter.

Enter Lettice *and* Betty: *Scene* Manlove's *Houſe.*

Bett. VVell *Lettice*, thou liveſt in a rare Family here, thou wilt certainly pick up a Fortune, and that's the thing you know, that picks up a Husband.

Lett. Nay, I have no reaſon to complain of my Lady's humour, for at any time if I have but a mind to a ſuit of Knots, or a Gown of a weeks wear only, 'tis but commanding her ſhape or complexion in a contrary colour, and the buſineſs is done.

Bett. And if you have but a warm intrigue to entertain her with, her Soul's your own.

Lett. Right: did I never tell you, eow ſhe ſerved an amorous Book of *Major Rakiſh*'s to day.

Bett. No, how was it prethee?

Lett. You muſt know herecommended one of *Scarron*'s Novels to her, but with all told her, one particular page in it wes a little ſmutty.

Bett. So!

Lett. Upon which, ſhe very diſcreetly deſir'd him to double it down, that ſhe might be ſure to avoid it, but when ſhe return'd the Book, that poor leafe was more tumbl'd and blurr'd, than the beginning of a Schoolboys Accidence.

Bett. Ha, ha! ha! and no doubt ſhe took as much pains to get it by heart: But now you talk of a Schoolboy, how ſtands your affairs with wy Lady Son, Maſter *Johnny*.

Lett. O! in a very fair way Child! Tho he pretends upon our late Quarrel to comply with his Mother perſwaſion of going to St. *Omers* (by the way I hear ſhe intends to make a Prieſt of him) now I know 'tis only to try whether or no *I* ſhall be contented to part with him.

Bett. How came you to quarrel with him?

Lett. He happened to catch me a lone; as I was making his bed this morning: His Stomach was up it ſeems, and the young Gentleman was falling too before the Perſon had ſaid Grace, upon which I gave him a Box on the Ear, and vow'd I'd never marry him as long as I liv'd.

Bett. Marry him? Why, *I* thought you had only deſign'd to make a Fool of him.

Lett. That's making a Husband of him, *I* think: but ſee, here he comes, away dear *Betty*, for now's my only time to manage him. (*Exit.* Betty.

Enter Johnny *and walks by* Lettice *Scornfully*

M. Joh. Dick! go and ſee if the Horſes be come, what doſt thou dongle after me for.

Lett. Will Squire *I* knew the time, when you wou'd have been glad that *I* would have follow'd you: But *I* find now, you never loved me. (*Cries*

John. It's a lye! *I* did love you ſo *I* did Mrs. Snappiſh.

Lett. You would not have the Heart to leave me then. Oh.

John Remember the Back Cloſet up two pair of Stairs young Gentlewoman——Yaah! You cou'd ſquall louder then, when *I* did but offer to ſee whether you garter'd above knee or not.

Lett. Why *I* dont garter above knee you may feel here then.

Joh VVhat

John. What do I care? I wont ſeel there, I'll do what I pleaſe or elſe I wont ſtay,

Lett. No Squire you are miſtaken in me, I am not ſuch a one neither, I'll dye, before I'll be your Whore.

John. And I'll be hang'd before I'll be your fool; why *Dick*, why doſt thou not get Horſes ready?

Lett. You ſhall not leave me then. *Leans on him* If You will ſtay, I'll be kinder to you: do but try me till to morrow: I won't cry out no more indeed; You ſhall tye my Garter where you pleaſe, if you won't go (*Louder.*

John. VVill you let's buſs you then. *Surlily.*

Lett. Yes in a civil way (*Kiſſes her.*

John. VVell will you promiſe to love me now, and be with a body.

Lett. I'll love you as long as I live, if you won't leave me.

John. VVell, well, what do you whawle for?

Lett. I am ſure 'twoud breake my Heart to part with you, pray dear Squire don't go. *Louder.*

John. VVhat do you keep ſuch a bawling for, I tell you I won't go: lets buſs you again.

Lady. Manlove *ſeeing them, ſtops at the Door.*

L. M. VVhat's here? my young Rogue, and that impudent Quean in cloſe conference? I'll obſerve them.

Joh But will you promiſe to marry me me to day if I won't go. (*Aſide.*

L. M. So.

Lett. Marry you, ay poor fool, you may beſure on't But wont you forſake me then and uſe me ill.

Joh. I tell you I wont uſe you ill, , you fool you.

L. M. O ! I han't patience Why how now Sirrah, What are you doing there ? and you Mrs. Flirt, I'll teach you to debauch my Son, I will you ſtinking Jade you (*Slaps her.*

Joh. What do you ſtrike her for Mother ? what do you ſtrik her for, you ſhant ſtrike her no more. (*Interpoſing.*

L. M Haw Sirrah ! ſhan't I ſtrike her : you lawcy Rogue, I'll ſell you to the Ground.

Joh. Will you ? I,ll try that (*Holds her hands*) Now ſtrike me to the Ground, cant you ? let's ſee you ſtrike me now. (*They Struggle.*

Lett. What an unfortunate diſcover was this ? to be caught juſt as we had agreed upon Articles : But however *I* dont fear him, for *I* know he will Marry me now, if it be only to contradict his Mother —— Dear Squire don't anger my Lady ſo, pray Sir, let her go,

Joh. Why, if ſhe will be quiet with all my heart, *I* don't meddle with her (*Lets go.*

L. M. O ! O ? The Rogue has ſprain'd my Arm's, *I* ſhall not be able to ſtirr them this twelvemonth.

Joh. Looke'e Mother, I am ſorry for't, *I* did not deſign you no harm, not I : But why ſhou'd you offer to ſtrike the poor Girle ſo.

L. M. Sirrah. what's that to you, how dare you juſtifie her.

Joh. Why, may be, *I* have a kindneſs for her, what then ? and look you Mother, to tell you the truth, indeed *I* do think, you ought to be acquainted with the buſineſs —— You muſt know *I* deſign to Marry her.

L. M. Dare you tell me this to my Face, Sirrah ?

Joh. VVhy

Joh. VVhy how ſhou'd *I* tell it you, behind your Back

L. M. Sirrah! How dare you think of ſuch a thing you Jackanapes!

Joh. Don't you call me names Mother, don't call me names: But if *I* do think on't how can *I* help it? And pray why ſhou'd not *I* think on't as well as you: *I* ſuppoſe you thought of a Huſband, and why ſhou'd not *I* think of a VVife? You have had your ſwing already: *Good* my Father was no flincher, was not *I* born of your Body pray, and why ſhou'd not *I* get ſomebody on ſome bodies elſe body.

L. M. VVas ever heard ſuch impudence? Sirrah *I* ſhall turn over a new leaf with you. Your Governour will be here preſently, and he ſhall know what a wicked Rogue you are! *I'll* make him flea your Backſide for you

Joh. I don't believe you will, an he meddles with me *I* may chance to lay him on his Back, he flea my Backſide! He kiſs! ——won't he?

L. M So, ſo, this is very fine Language!

Joh. Lettice do you ſlid away into my Chamber, and I will come to you preſently. (*Ex*, Lettice

Enter Father Ben. *Booted* &c.

L. M O Father! I am glad you are come, your Pupil here, my Son *Johnny* has been making Love to one of my impudent Maids, tells me to my Face, he'll marry her, he won't go his Journey, not he!

F. Ben. Let me a lone! let me a lone! come! come! Madam, 'tis better to give him *de* good *vard* — How you do Young Gentleman! *owe you doe, me ſal be ver glad to ave de care of you.*

Joh. Ay, and you had beſt have a care of me.

F. Ben. You no fear dat, dat is ver, well, now you be one good Shild —— (*Pats him on the Head.*

Job, VVhat do you tap me o'th the head for, (*Surlily.*

F. Ben O me lofe you, Maitre *Johnny*, me lofe you. (*Chucks him.*

Job. Let my Chin alone will you! (*Strikes away his Hand.*

F. Ben. Vat you mean, ſtrike a me? vat you mean, me ſal 'ave de Vip for you?

Job. Who is that you'll have the Whip for, you Loggerhead you. who will you have the VVhip for, ha! (*Dubling his Fiſt.*

F. Ben. Loggerhate, Jernie Bleu, vat is dat Loggerhat.

Job, You may go look, its ſuch a fool as you are.

F. Ben., De Fool, a ha! me underſtanda dat ver well, you calla me de Fool, Humph.

Job. VVhy dont you hear I do, Dunderpate

F. Ben. Dunderpate, Je vous Pri, Madam, vat is dat Dunderpate?

L. M. a very ſcurrilous name, Sir, won't you break his head for't

F Ben O Letta me alone, Madam, Ecout Maitre *Jeanny*, vat vil you ſay, if vor de Loggerhate, vor de fool, and vor the Dunderpate, me ſall give you one, two, tree ſlaps on the Chops, Maitre *Jeanny*: Humph.

Job. VVhy, I ſay if you give me ſuch another word, I may chance to wipe your croſs the Jaws.

F. Ben. Ver well, where is the reverence you ove vor me perſonne?

Job O Lord, Sir, I do, Sir-reverence your perſon.

F. Ben. Allons, done aska me Pardon, aska me de Pardon.

Job. Ask your pardon for what? for what? can you tell you Owl you? Ask your Pardon—here give the poor Boy his Hat; there now I ask your Pardon. (*Strikes off his*

his Hat and Periwig and discovers his Crown) hey what a dickens have we got here (*Staring.*

F. Ben. Ah due Grande Malheure, vat sal me do ? he a discover my Couronne.

L. M. Undone, ruined, I shall never get the Rogue to go now.

Job. Pray, Sir, what trade are you. (*To the Priest.*

L. M. He is no Trade Sirrah, but a civil sober Gentleman, that I have prevailed with to be your Governour.

Job. He my Governour, What to make a Papist of me ; look'ee Mother, as for Religion d'ye see I han't yet been taught much of any sort : but adsluckers this I know, that I won't be a Papist, its a hard case, if a man must go to the Devil, he can't take it out in what sort of wickedness he pleases ; For my part I'll even go the way of the flesh I am resolved the Spirit shall not carry me, O Js flesh ; I won't be Preist ridden thither : not but I believe this same Gentleman knows the Road as well as a *Dover* Post Horse. But I am not so hot upon that Journey, and so will pull of my Boots, d'ye see——— (*Tall, lall, lall. Sits down and Sings.*

L. M You Impudent young Rascal how dare you offer to pull of your Boots ? Sirrah, I'll have your Bones Broke, I'll make you change your Tune.

Job. No, you shan't———*Toll, toll, toll,*

L. M. You sawcy Rogue, do you laugh in my face, I'll whip your Eyes out. (*Offers to take* Benedicts whip.

F. B. No trouble your self Madam letta me alone ; Allons : put on your Boote Maitre *Jeanny,*

Job. Toll, toll, loll, (*Looking in his Face:*

F. B Vat is dat, *Toll, toll, lall,* me say put on your Boote. (*Crack's his Whip:*

Job. Aye it's no matter for that—— I won't change my Tune, Toll, loll, loll.

L. M.

L. M. Hold Father, don't be too ſevere, I find there is no dealing with him, we muſt even try what fair words will do.

F. Ben. Ma Foy, Madam, me believe dat is de beſt vay;

L. M. Johny, my dear *Johny* don't be ſo willful pri-- thee mind what I ſay to thee.

Joh Why ay, Mother —— Now your notes alter'd d'e ſee I dont care if I do change my Tune.

L. M. Now thou art a dear Child? come that's my good Boy, prethee put on thy Boots again, ſee ſhear's Money for thee: thou ſhalt have any thing thou canſt ask for.

Joh. Say you ſo? I co'd then I'll ſerve you a brave trick! that Money will buy *Lettice* a pure Topping to her Wedding Cloaths —Why look'ee Mother, becauſe you give me good words now, if you'll give me that Purſe now d'elee, and make Vather Bald-pate walk down Stairs, why I'll put 'em on again.

L. M. But will you promiſe me to go your Journey too.

Joh. Poh, I will, I tell you,—why don't he go. (*Sits down putting them on.*

L. M. Dear Father don't lets croſs him in this good humour, pray be gone.

F. B. VVithal mine Art, Madam, Maitre *Jeanny*? me be your ver humble ſervant. (*Exit*

L. M. VVhy doſt thou ſit upon the floor *Jeanny*?

Joh. Poh, what do's it ſignifie —— where's the purſe Mother?

L. M. That's my good Child put on the to'ther Boot, and thou ſhalt have it.

Joh. Pſha! why there it is; you ſee what 'tis to be civil to a body —— ſo now gives the Money (*Faſtens Cher with a Peircer to the floor.*

L. M.

L. M. VVell, but will you promiſe to get on Horſeback as ſoon as you have it ?

Job. VVhat d'ye think *I* wou'd tell you a lie, Mother, and look you in the Face in this manner ?

L. M. That's my dear Boy ; there'tis to do what thou wilt with.

Job. Toll, lol, lol, (*Riſes and pulls off his Boots again.*

L. M. How now ! what does the Fool mean ?

Job. No Fool, No Fool, Mother.

L. M. You wicked Villain, *I'll* (*finds her ſelf faſt*) Ha ! what's here ! Hark ye, Sirrah, Rogue, what's the meaning of this ?

Job. That's becauſe you ſhou'd not follow me : Look'e Mother, always tie a mad Bull to a ſtake. Toll, loll — and there's my Tune again for you now, Toll, loll, loll (*Exit Singing.*

L. M VVas ever VVoman plagu'd with ſuch a ſtubborn Raſcal ? what ſhall I do ? Oh ! how the Rogue has rammed it in.— VVho's within there ? If I live I'll be reveng'd ! I'll marry the lewdeſt Fellow about Town, nay the moſt notorious Rogue of a Lawyer, but I'll keep his Eſtate from him.

Enter Servant.

Serv, Major *Rakiſh*, Madam, and his Son deſire to ſpeak with you.

L. M They could not take me in a better time, neither of them ſhall want encouragement ? here prethee undo this.

Serv. O dear Madam, this is Maſter *Johnny*'s Piercer.

M. L. VVhere is the Rogue, did you ſee him ?

Serv. Yes,

Serv. Yes, Madam, he just now put *Lettice* into a Hackney-Coach.

L. M. And did he go with her?

Serv. No, Madam, he's somewhere in the House.

L. M. If he offers to go out, beſure you dog him, and bring me word immediatly.——go bid the Gentlemen walk up.

Serv. Yes, Madam. (*Exit.*

Enter Major and Young Rakiſh.

Maj. Madam, your moſt Humble Servant; O Isbud! its a Month ſince I kiſt your Ladyſhips hand. (*Offering towards her, and Y. R ſteps before him.*

Y. R. Its an Age, Madam, ſince I did, therefore as a longer abſent Lover ought to do it firſt.

L. M. O dear Sir, I'll ſwear you hurt me.

Y. R. Can there be harm in ſuch a tender Graſp of Love; Madam, your Charms bound like a rowling Deluge o'e my Soul, and ſtifle me in exceſs of fond deſire. Ah! the very pangs of Death are on me, I beat and ſtruggle like a drowning wretch for Life, and theſe my laſt Convulſions.——

Maj. Humph! *aſide.*

L. M. VVell, *I* realy believe I might have ſatisfaction enough in ſuch a Husband, without conſidering the pleaſure of revenge. (*aſide*

Y. R. VVill you make four hundred, Sir. (*To the Maj.*

Maj. Oons you Dog! I'll lay your Head upon both your Shoulders.— (*apart to Y. R.*

Y. R. O take me to that healing Boſom! wrap me in he warm folds of Love! feed me with the Balmy ſweets that

that flouriſh there; give me new Life, and nurſe me to an Infant Dotage.

L. M. O! *I* ſhall faint! *I* am not able to contain my ſelf.

Maj. Dacky, thou ſhalt have a hundred Guinea's, prithee let her alone, my dear Boy. (*To* Y. R.

T, R. Where am *I* ſure 'tis Elyzium! (*ſtarting back.*) for a mortal Fleſh could never feed ſo high, *I* ſurfeit with delight! my Souls all over Bliſs! my raviſht Senſes ake with pleaſure, and *I* grow faint with gazing. (*falls on her Boſom.*

L. M. O *I* die! *I* die! (*aſide.*

Maj. Dacky, my dear *Dacky*, thou ſhalt have two hundred Pound.

T. R. Thus let us ever live! thus bleſt with one perpetual round of circuling Pleaſure, ſtill fainting with exceſs of Love, and waking ſtill to new reviving Joys.

Maj. Oouns! how the Rogue has diſſolved her. (*aſide.*

T. R. You ſee, Sir, what poſture my Affairs are in, nothing but full four hundred can forbid the Banes.

Maj. Say'ſt thou ſo, my liitle *Dacky*, then there lies your way down ſtairs. (*ſteps in between them and draws*) Sirrah, go get you gone, Dog, go.

L. M. Oh! for Heavens ſake, what do you mean? (*Holds the Major,*

T. R Oh! don't be frightned, Madam, *I'll* tell you the Buſineſs——You muſt know, Madam, there is a young Lady here in the *Pall Mall*, of a prodigious Fortune, whome it ſeems my Father poſitively deſigns *I* ſhall Marry, or he will diſ-inherit me, and ſo let him, Madam, if he pleaſes; for my part, *I* confeſs my Soul and Blood, Madam, are entirely devoted to your Ladyſhip, and if *I* were to die upon the ſpot, Madam, *I* ſolemnly declare *I* would not renounce one tittle of that eternal Paſſion,

I have avowed for your Ladyships moſt indelible Perfections.

Maj. Ha! (*aſtoniſh'd.* (*Bows and Ogles.*

L. M. O fie, Sir, this is moſt inhmane, to force your only Son to marry one he can't love: Come, Sir, for my ſake ſpare him, pray put up your Sword.

Maj. VVell, Madam, for your ſake d'ye ſee, *I*——*I* will ſheath my Indignation: but may *I* never more hear the dear, dear glug, glug of a full Flask, if all this is not a notorious lie, from top to bottom. But now, Madam, to the buſineſs *I* came for; look'e, Madam, if you and *I* make a Match d'ye ſee,—— you muſt expect every ten Months for the firſt ſeven Years—— Twins, Madam, —— *I* always get Twins, that VVhelp's a Twin, Madam, and the product of my Juvenile Recreations (*Y. R. makes Love in dumb ſhows behind his back.*

L. M. Let me die, but this is irreſiſtably perſwaſive.

Maj. I am very Proud, Madam, your Ladyſhip likes what *I* ſay to you.

L. M. VVell, Sir, *I* ſwear you have ſuch a way, and ſuch a Son. (*aſide.*

Maj. Madam, *I* have fifteen hundred pounds a Year clear Eſtate, no Children in the VVorld but this Boy here, *I* ſhall drink him dead in a Fortnight, and then, Madam, after my Death, 'tis all your own for ever: How ſay you, Madam do you like of it?

L. M. Ay, Sir, but now let me hear your Sons Propoſals.

Maj. Pſha! a Beggar, a poor Dog, Madam.

Y. R. Madam, 'tis true, I have not one Groat in the world, have no hopes of any thing, for the very moment I Marry you, I am ſure to be diſ-inherited: Madam, as friend *I* beg you to believe this true, for *I* cou'd ſooner die, than cheat you with a pretended fortune. (*Sweats.*

But

But if the laſt extremities of an humble Paſſion, have any merit in the Eyes of Vertue, then ſhow your pity here and raiſe me with a kind reviving hope.

Maj. What a Tongue the Dog has. (*aſide.*

L. M. O dear, Sir, pray riſe.

Maj. Pſha! Madam, Words, Words, meer Air! odſ bud, I have an Argument in my Pocket, that uſes to convince a Woman ſooner, than all the Poetical Raptures in Chriſtendom: Look'e, Madam, the only certain proof of a Mons Paſſion is, when he Parts with his mony; therefore as an earneſt of my Affection, give me leave to lay theſe four hundred of the Queens Faces at your Feet.

T. R. Which when you Marry, Sir, you know, will be your own again.

Maj. Hold your peace, Sirrah——There Madam, diſpoſe of it as you pleaſe. (*Gives it into her Hand.*

L. M. O dear Major, this is an extravagant piece of Gallantry.——Bleſs me! how heavy it is——Pray, Sir, do me the favour to hold it for me. (*Gives it to T. R.*

T. R. Tum, dum. (*Leaving on the Major and Singing.*

Maj. I muſt murder the Dog, I muſt murder him. (*aſide.*

Oouns Madam, I could have held it for you.

T. R. But not ſo faſt as I ſhall; Tum, dum. (*aſide.*

Maj. I was in hopes, Madam, you would have made better uſe of the Money. (*Out of humour.*

L. M. O dear, Sir, can I expreſs my concern for you a better way, then by being kind to your Children?

Maj. Ay, Madam, but not to my Rival.

T. R. So! this has pretty well convinced him, my Intereſt is better than his, and now is my only time to tell it him. (*Aſide.*) Look you Sir, if you'll give me leave to ſpeak a word or two in private with this Lady, I

will immediately convince you, that in her disposing of this Money, she had no other consideration than your Interest.

L. M. What can he mean? (*aside.*

Maj. Why this might be done, *Dacky*, if I could but perswade my self to trust thee.

T. R. Why, Sir, you shall not trust me out of your sight.

Maj. Humph! say'st thou so, my little *Dacky*? nay then I do give thee leave.

T. R. Madam, if you please. (*takes her aside.*

Enter Master Johnny *behind.*

Joh. So, *Lettice* is safe enough now and let 'em lock me up if they can. —— Hey day! who have we here? I find my Mother has a Colts Tooth left yet, I warrant these are a couple of Suitors now; I'cod, I will but in with them —— Sir, your Servernt. (*To the Maj.* What! don't you know me?

Maj. Know thee, Prithee who art thou?

Joh. Who be I? Why I be —— I be —— I'cod I don't know what to tell him, nor I —— Why I be Mothers son, don't 'e see what I be?

Maj. Ay, my dear Lad, I see very plainly that thou art, but I want to know who thou art? who is thy Father Child?

Joh. Who? I've ne'er a Father at all, but I believe I shall have shortly; for I see my Mother there is hard at work upon one.

Maj. How! thy Mother! why is thy Name *Johnny*?

Joh. May be it is —— what then?

Maj. VVhy

Maj. Why then very ſhortly thou wilt by my Son-in-Law.

Job. May be not—That's as I ſhall like you, may be.

Maj. Odsbud, you young Rogue, I'll buſs you into good humour. (*offers to kiſs him, he ſtruggles.*

Job. Let me alone! be quiet, wull ye! you ſhan't buſs me! Pſha! (*Spits.*) What a plague do you ſlaver me ſo for? You my Father-in-Low! yes, ſo you ſhall, I'cod I'll do your Buſineſs.

L. M. Why really, Sir, if this be true, I muſt needs own, he is a very barbarous Man to uſe his only Son at this rate; as far as I can ſerve you by fathering this innocent Revenge, Sir, you may command me. (*To Y. R.*

Job. Hark you, Mother.

L. M O you wicked Rogue! are you there?

Jon. Lord, don't you be angry, Mother, I came to talk with you about Buſineſs.

T. R. Oh pray, Madam, give the young Gentleman leave to ſpeak however.

Job. A good ſort of a civil Gentleman; I may chance do him a kindneſs for this, I'll aſſure you, Sir, I will if I can —— I am good natur'd enough when People are civil to me

L. M. Well what have you to ſay, Sirrah?

Job Say! why I underſtand, that this old Soldier here is a Suitor to you, and to tell you the truth, I don't like him, he's a ſtrange hurly burly ſort of a Man; he has buſs'd and ſlaver'd me here, whether I would or no, and has prickled wy Face till my Eyes are all of a Water.

L. M. You ſawcy Rogue, is this your Buſineſs? know then Sirrah, that this Gentleman ſhall be your Father-in-Law, if he pleaſes: Come, Sir, if you dare truſt your ſelf with me, I have ſomething to propoſe to you from your Son, that very nearly concerns the happineſs of us both.

Maj. Od-

Maj. Odsbud! Madam, you overjoy me! But has that dear Toad put in a word for me at last then? has he? *Dacky*! thou dear Son of an unhappy Dog of a Father, Bus me you VVhelp, you dear Bastard, Buss me——. I will remember thee for this, my little *Dacky*, Odsbud I will. (*Exit. with* L. M.

T. R. I shall give you cause, I believe.

Job. Lord Sir, how can you let him slaver you so doun't it make your Nose tingle? Odsfish! he is gone away with my Mother too! Shall I fetch her back again, Sir? I'cod an you say the word, I'll do't.

T. R. No, no, Squire, let him alone, he will be little the better for it.——A good sort of an impudent Face, this young Dog has, he may be useful, I'll strike in with him. (*aside.*

Job. Pray, Sir, ben't you a Suitor to my Mother?

T. R. Ay, Squire, what do you think of me for a Father-in-Law.

Job. I'cod I like you very well, better be half than that old Soldier; what a duce do you let him take her aside so for.

T. R. Oh! its a design I have in my Head, Squire,

Job. Ay, Sir, but do you know what design he may have in her Head? Look'e, Sir, I mean you well, I would not have you trust her two far neither —— Odsbud! you don't know her——Sir, you don't know her.

T. R. VVell Squire, I'm obliged to you for your good meaning, and in return will acquaint you with my design upon the old Soldier.

Job. Ay!

T. R. You must know then——

Job. But hark'e, Sir, by the way who is that old Soldier.

T.R. Odf

T. R. Only my Father, Sir.

Job. How! how! I'cod, then I find you care no more for your Father, than I do for my Mother. VVell Sir, ——but pray go on.

T. R. About an hour hence, Sqire, I shall privately marry your Mother, who in the meane time, by my allowance, is to flatter the old Gentleman with the same hopes, and (revenge a severe Quarrel I have with him) is to appoint him a meeting, (just when our Marriage is over) at a Friends House of mine, where I shall have a publick opportunity to laugh at his disapointment, and invite him to my VVedding-Supper.

Job. I'cod, that's well enough: O dear Sir, shall I not beg the favour of you, to get the Parson to do me a small job too? Ods, I have a tight young Girl here hard by, that I have a main Mind to be Married to, ——Sir, won't you speake a word to him to tack us together a little.

T. R. How Sqire, to tack you together! whom have you advised with in this Business? VVho is it you have a Mind to Marry? Are you sure she's fit for a VVife?

Job. I don't know, Sir, but I'm sure she's fit for a Husband.

T. R. Ha! I'gad there can be no harm in tying the young Rogue of a slip knot; this was a lucky discovery, something may be made on't. (*aside.*) VVell, Squire, I'll do all I can to serve you.

Job. O dear Sir, I am mainly obliged to you.

T. R. Nay, I won't only lend you my Parson, but my Money, nay my very Cloaths, I'gad. I'll make a Gentleman of thee.

Job. VVull you Sir, O Law! (*Overjoy'd.*) I'cod then my Mother shall make a Fool of me no longer.——

Sir,

Sir, as *I* hope to be married, *I* had rather call you Father-in-Law, than any Man in Chriſtendom.

T. R. Pſha! Pox! I'll be a Brother to thee, Man, call me honeſt *Jack*. (*Hugs him.*

We'll Smoak, and Whore, and Roar, and take a Bottle together.

Joh. Is your name *John*? Why Sir, my Name's *John* too: Adzooks, that's brave; Honeſt *John*, how'ſt Boy? Damme. (*Struts.*

T. R. Why, that's well ſaid Boy, *I'gad* thou ſweareſt like a Gentleman already.——Come, my little Rake, now let's take one chearing Flask, before the Parſon does his Buſineſs, then get Drunk, break Windows, maul the Watch, and Bed our new married Wives in the Round-Houſe.

Joh. Ha Boys! *I'gad* a merry Brother Father-in-Law. (*Exeunt.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT

ACT. II.

SCENE Friendly's *Lodgings.*

Enter Friendly *and Young* Rakish.

Fr. WEll, dear *Jack*, what ſucceſs? what heve you done with the old Gentleman.

Y. R. Oh! Routed him Horſe and Foot, *Ecce ſignum!* Here's the Golden Plunder Boy! *I* did his Buſineſs the firſt Onſet, beat him clearly out of the Fort of the Ladies favour, and made him pay four hundred pieces Contti-bution, before I delivered her up into his hands again?

Fr. And have you done it?

Y. R For ought he knows I have, but by what I know, I have not; in ſhort *I* neither deſign to quit or keep the Lady any longer than ſhe ſerves my turn.

Fr. How ſo, Man?

Y. R. Nay, *I* won't tell you my Plot before-hand: for here they come and the Farce is going to begin, pray obſerve us —You'll ſtand by me upon occaſion.

Fr. O you may depend upon me.

Enter Major and L. Manlove.

Maj. Ah! my littel *Ned*! wish me Joy! wish me Joy Lad!

Fr. Joy of what, Major?

Maj. The Joy of all Joys, Boy: Here's a beautifull Lady, Sirrah, is going to give me fifteen hondred Pound a Year to be her Bedfell w.

Fr. Very good pay, Major, *I* wish your service may be abel to deserve it.

Maj. Abel, Sir, I'll have you to know, I am as yonng as ever, let me lay my hand upon the Mane, Sir, you'll find I can jump into the Saddle still

Fr. I am glad to see your Ladyship here, Madam.

L. M. Dear Mr. *Friendly*, I am your most humble Servant, tho' I dare sware, you littel expected it upon so importunate an occasion.

Fr. May'nt we know the occasion, Madam?

L. M. I vow Sir, its such a critical point. *I* don't know whether my Modesty will be able to go through with the Discovery.

T. R. If you please to give me leave, Madam, *I'll* help you out a little,

Maj. Ay, ay. tell him, my little *Dacky*.

T. R. Well, Sir, not to keep you any longer in suspence the short of the Business is this: This nobel Lady here, generously considering my sufferiug, under the Tyranny of anunnatural Father, and being sensible that by reason of my indefatigable Love to her, *I* was in a perpetual danger of being dis-inherited, has out of her abundant goodness, piously consented to revenge me of the

the ſaid unnatural Father, by this publick diſappointment of his hopes: having to his utter confuſion already taken to her loving Husband, the individual Perſon of me his lawfully begotten Son —— *John Rakiſh.*

Maj. Humph! what is all this? do you know Madam, what the Devil is it?

L. M. All Truth, Sir, to my knowledg, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, ſo take me *John Rakiſh.* (*gives him her hand.*

Maj. Oons and Hell! I'll chine the Dog to the Navel, (*Draws.*

Fr. Not in my Houſe, I beſeech you Major.

Maj. Prithee dear *Ned*, let me come at him; Oh! he's a bitter Dog I can't bear him. (*trembling with paſſion.*

Fr. Pho! prithee be pacified, if he muſt be run thro' the Guts, he'll deſerve it an Houre hence as well as now: Beſides I would have you hear what he can ſay for himſelf you know he does not uſe to be Tongue-ty'd upon theſe occaſions.

Maj. Odsbud! and that's true, my little *Neddy*, I will hear the Dog, I will hear him, and if I am trick'd, I am ſatisfied I ſhall have the pleaſure of half a Dozen rare impudent Faces, from the unrighteous Baſtard to back his Roguery, however —— come hither *Duck*.

T. R. VVell, Sir.

Maj. A', that's the Look, hark you Iron-Face? Art not thou a perjured Rogue? Doſt thou not expect to be ſplit, and broyl'd upon the Devils Grid-Iron.

T. R. I don't apprehend you, Sir.

Maj. Didſt thou not promiſe, Dog, to renounce all Claim to that Lady, provided I would quit my Title to the four hundred Pound?

T. R. Ay, Sir, but I coſidered four hundred pound was Money, and one had better break ones word than a

good ſum, and *I* thought it would be more profitalbe to marry the Lady my ſelf, and not to part with neither, *I* know from your own example, Sir, you won't blame me for good husbandry.

Maj. Oh! not in the leaſt, my dear Hel'-face, thou haſt obliged me to the laſt degree, by marrying this Lady here, *I* can do no leſs than ſettle my Eſtate upon thee, which thou ſhalt have with a vengeance? that is to ſay, *I* will inſtantly make *L*ove to her Daughter, offer her my whole Eſtate for a Joynture, cut off the Entail, get a whole litter of Children, and diſ-inherit you, you Dog.

T. R. Look'e Sir, there *I* forbid the Banes, this Ladies Daughter is now mine, and *I* will not have my Famliy diſgrac'd, by admitting ſuch a notorious Rakehell for my Son-in-Law: in ſhort, your pretences are utterly againſt my conſent, and I poſitively declare you ſhall never have my Bleſſing

Maj. VVhat a croſs old Fellow is this now? Oons! *I*'d give five thouſand pounds to make the Whelp my Father-in Law.

T R Come, come, Sir, for a great deal leſs Money you ſhall ſtill make this Lady my Mother-in-Law.

Maj Ha! ſay ſt thou ſo, my little *Dacky*? why, art not married? ha! ſpeake.

T. R. So far from it, Sir, that upon condition you will imediately ſign this Paper, which will intitle me to four hundred pound a year during Life, and at your Deceaſe the reſt of your Eſtate, *I* am willing this very moment to ſhow my ſelf an obedient Son, and reſign you the Lady.

L. M. Baſe Man! you wont offer to tell me (*offering to interrupt him, he keeps he offer.*

T. R Don't

T. R. Don't you trouble your ſelf. Madam, I warrant you, and to ſatisfie you that my meanings honeſt, the Writing is ſo drawn, that unleſs you actually do marry the Lady, you're not obliged to give me a Groat.

Maj. Say'ſt thou ſo, my little *Dacty*? (*peruſes the Paper.*

L. M. Audacious Villain! have you ſerv'd me thus? I will be reveng'd tho' I — here Major, (*gives him her hand*) upon condition you'll never give that Villain a Groat, I will marry you this very moment, and ſave you the Money; nay, do but ingage to diſ-inherit him before to morrow morning, and I here immediately promiſe you ſix thouſand pound in ready Gold and Jewels, to ſatisfie any extravagance you ſhall think fit.

T. R So!

Maj. Diſinherit him! Odsbud, your Ladyſhips too merciful, an audacious Roge! to think I cou'd be ſuch a Villain to wronge a Lady, Madam, of your unſpotted Vertue. Ounds! I never heard ſuch an impudent propoſal ſince I was boan, Madam, if he were at the Gallows, with the Knot under his left Ear, nay, if the word were given for the Cart to drive away. Blood and Brimſtone, I would not part with Eighteen-pence to reprieve him.

L. M. On the condition I am intirely yours.

Maj. Oons! Madam, I'll ruin him within this half hour, I'll drive revenge quiet thro' his Soul, nay I'll ſend for the two Beggar makers of the Nation, the Prieſt ane the Lawyer, and make them clinch it on the other ſide.

Fr. What the Devil ſhall we do now, *Jack*? was there ever ſuch a diſappointment?

T. R. Faith *Ned*, ſhe has out-trumpt me, that's the truth on't, but I can't loſe all, Man, I have *Pam* in my hand ſtill,

Fr. What

Fr. What do you mean?

T. R. Her Son, her Son, Boy, the Rogue has chosen me for his Guardian, he will be hear presently, I'll manage him to fetch her about, I'll warrant you.

Fr. I'gad that's lucky; I am glad you are sure of a trick to save your self at last; in the mean time, *Jack*, try what a Court Card will do, play your Impudence upon them.

T. R. Mum!

L. M. Now Devil, I am reveng'd of you.

T. R. I fancy not, Madam.—I suppose your Ladyship does not know, that these are the Writings of your Son *Johnny*'s Estate, by him the said *John* this very day stollen out of your Cabinet, which because *I* am his Guardian, *I* will thus re-put into my Pocket.

L. M. Monster! You his Guardian!

T. R. At your service, Madam.

L. M. You dare not tell me so!

T. R. O *I* have a great deal more to tell you, Madam, *I* must have a thousand pound out of your hands to morrow morning, to put him and his Wife into a handsome Equipage.

L. M. His Wife!

T. R. His Wife, Madam, she has had as good an Education, as your Ladiships service could afford—*Letitia I* think her Name is.

L. M. Undone! Undone!

Maj. Ha! Madam what's the matter now?

L. M. Oh! my Childs ruined for ever.

T. R. That's as you please, Madam.

L. M. What says the Monster?

T. R. That your Son, Madam, shall not be ruined; provided you will promise me not to marry that old Fellow, unless he signs my settlement: In short, Madam,

upon

upon that condition, I will not only reſign your Son and his Fortune into your hands again, but I will likewiſe engege to finde a lawfull expedient to diſannul h's Marriage; which if you don't immediately comply with me ſhall be an eternal ſecret; ſo ev'n let him ſquander away his Eſtate as he pleaſes, I'll make a ſhift to glean a handſome livelyhood out on't, I warrant you.

Fr. Nay, Madam, this is a very generous propoſal; now if your Son's ruined you'r the occaſion of it.

L. M. Sir, I beſeech you, don't name it; I'll not believe a word he ſays, I dare ſwear this is all a ſhame, a poor pretence only to get his ends of me.

Maj. Nouns! Madam, you have nickt it; but if it were true, let me alone to manage him, *I* know him by experience; why the Dog had the impudence to'ther day to ask me to lend him fifty pound, and in leſs than a quarter of an hour, I brought him down to three and ſix pence.

L. M. No, Devil, I will hear of nothing but revenge, (*aſide to* Y. R.

T. R. Nay then, Madam, 'tis time for me to provide for my ſelf, here comes one I am ſure will ſtand by me.

Enter Johnny *with* Lettice, *and one in a Parſons Habit*

Joh. Toll, loll, loll! a hey! where's Brother, Father-in-Law. (*Singing.*

T. R. Ha! my little Imp of Lewdneſs, how doſt thou?

Joh. How do I? why I'm married Boy, how ſhou'd I do.

T. R. Give you joy, Madam. (*Saluting* Lettice.

L. M. What

L. M. What do I see? Undon! Undon!

Maj. Hum! The Priest there too, nay then mischief is not far off. (*aside.*

Job. Well, but hark'e *John*, how do my Mother and you agree? what ben't you married yet?

T. R. O deare Squire, no, nor am I like to be; she is just going to be married to my Father.

Job. Odsflesh! I thought as much; did not I tell you, you did not know her? did not I tell you so. Look'e *John*, there are two things she never kept in her Life, and that is a Fast-day and a promise; to my certain knowledge her Word is but Wind, and I'cod she no more values to breake one than t'other.

T. R. Well Squire it shall never trouble me, as long as I suffer upon your account; for to tell you the truth, the real occasion of her discarding me, was my Friendly promotion of your Marriage: But there's a very easy way to reward my service, which is, that upon condition my Father will sign this VVriting, you will generously condescended to choose him for your Guardian.

Job. I'll do't an't were ten times more to serve you. let's see the VVriting, I'll do't I'cod.

T. R. There, Sir. (*gives them to him.*

Job. Look'e Sir, —— You —— Mr. —— Mr. *John*'s Father here, I don't know what your Name is, not I, but if you think fit, d'ye see, to sign this Paper, I'll make you my Guardian —— That's all I have to say to you, —— so take and look it over.

Maj. Let's see, my dear Lad.

T. R. Madam, I am sensible a word from you wou'd finish the Business, If you will stand my Friend, I am still ready to disanull your Sons Marriage.

(*aside to* L. Manlove.

L. M. Alas!

L. M. Alaſs! Heaven knows, I would do it were there but a poſſibility of your making your words true.

T. R. Madam, this Gentleman's Word and Honour ſhall be your ſecurity.

Fr. Madam, I'll engage for him.

L. M. Well, I find it is in vain to contend with him; therefore dear Major, ſign it immediately, and from this moment, all I have is yours.

Maj. O Madam! a word from you would make me do ten times more. (*Signs it.*) There *Ned*, you are obliged to ſee him perform Articles, if he keeps his word, much good may it do him.

T. R. Come Squire, are you contented this Gentleman ſhall marry your Mother, and be your Guardian?

Joh. Yes I be, and ſo let him take my Writings, —— and pray don't ye cheat me now, its for *John*'s ſake, I tell you that ——

T. R Madam, now to diſſipate your fears, In one word, I muſt acquaint you that your Son *Johnny* and my Brother elect, is not married.

L. M. How not married! you overjoy me Sir, make it appear, and you ſhall never want a friend of me.

Joh. What a Devil makes you raiſe ſuch a lie now?

T. R. Prithee dear Squire dont interrupt us.

Joh. I will interrupt you then, what do you ſhove me for I be married, ſo I be; yes I be, I be.

T. R. Silence! Come Mrs. *Lettice*, pray ſatisfie my Lady, and this good Company, concerning your ſuppos'd Marriage with this young Gentleman.

Joh. Ay, ay, do let her ſpeak with all my heart, ſee, who will prove the Lyer, Mr. *John*.

Lett. Well Squire, ſince I muſt ſpeak then, I declare before my Lady and this good Company, that I neither am your Wife nor ever will be.

Joh. I say she lies—— she is my VVife, and you know it well enough, and the Parson knows it too, what a Rope did I give him two Crown pieces for.

Maj. Nouns! I don't know what to make of this Business, one says Ay, and tother says No —— Prithee dear *Domine* put us out of our pain; come answer to the Question, are they married or not?

Foot. I must confess, Sir, at my Maste's request, I did mumble over a parcel of VVords, that satisfied the young Squire, as well as if they had been Canonical: But to convince you that it was not in my power to conjure that way, I am no Parson, but your VVorships humble Servant and Footman, *Tom Skipkennel.* *(throws off his Gown.*

T. R. Trusty *Tom*, at your service, Madam.

L. M. VVell, dear Sir, this was kindly done of you.

Lett. Madam, I beg your Ladyships Pardon, I must confess I had like to have married my young Master, but Mr. *Rakish* soon convinc'd me, what an uneasie Life I must have expected from your Ladyship and the rest of his Relations: But to satisfie you, Madam, that I never intend to have any Thoughts of him as long as I live, Mr. *Rakish* has been pleased to give me his Bond, to pay me 30 pound a year during Life, provided I immediately leave the Town, and go and live with my Friends in the Country, which I faithfully promise your Ladyship to perform to morrow morning, and so dear Squire: Pray wish me a good Journey, as I do you a better Wife, and many happy days.

Joh. What will you leave me now? Are these your Tricks? Pray give me my Purse again, since you wont marry me, young Genrlewoman, you shall have no fine Cloaths, Ill tell you that; give me my Purse, will ye. *(half crying.*

L. M. Sirrah,

M. L. Sirrah, let her alone; that Purſe you purloyn'd from me, and ſhe ſhall keep it: Nay to rewad her Honeſty, I'd preſent her with this Ring, as an earneſt of my future kindneſs.

Lett. I humbly thank your Ladiſhip.

Job. What? and ſo I am to be cheated out of my Money too; this is a'long of you, Mr. *John*.

T. R. Come, come, Squire, don't be troubled; when you want Money come to me, in the mean time, Hark in your Ear, I have a pretty young Wench, in my Eye for you—ſhe will be in Town in two or three days—Mum!

Job. Pſha! what do I care for a Wench, if can't have her when *I* have a mind to it: Ad, *I* thought to have had ſuch a Night on't now, and now the Parſon has ſaid Grace, you tell me I ſhall go to Dinner a month hence.

T. R. Why then to ſtay your Stomach, go with me to the laſt Act of the Play, and I'll ſhow you one that ne'er deny'd a Man twice in her Life

Job. Ay, ſo you ſay, but I warrant ſhe will pull me by the Hair, if I offer to meddle with her

T. R. Come, come, I'll ſtand youre Friend, obſerve what I ſay to you Mother.——Madam, your Son is ſenſible of his Error, and deſires your Ladiſhip will take him into favour again, from this time he has promiſed never to diſobey you.

Job. No no more I won't, indeed Mother, if you will but let me go with Mr *John* to ſee the Play to Night.

L. M. Well, be obedient for the future, and no reaſonable freedom ſhall be denied you.

Job. Oh Lord! Thank you dear Mother! I am glad we are Friends again; Lord! *I* am ſo glad!—won't ye buſs me Mother? *Kiſſes her.*

T. R. So, now I hope we are all Friends.

Fr. Well

Fr. VVell Major, are you ſatisfied that your Son has performed his Articles, ſhall I deliver him the VVriting?

Maj. VVhy the Dog has done ſomething for't, that's the truth on't; though I will lay fifty pound I have ſeven to four upon't before to morrow morning.

T. R. VVell, Sir, *I* wiſh you Joy, and thank you for my Settelment; tho it's an hundred to one, the world will think you have given it me becauſe you cou'd not Help it.

Maj. Ay, and *I* warrant *Dasky*. they will be apt to ſay too, that thou art as well ſatisfied, as if *I* had given it thee with a good will.

T. R. Ay, People will out with their bold Truth now and then: You ſee, Sir, the ſtrange power of a little Money, but now its very probabel you and *I* may be good Friends as long as we live: But when Old Gentlemen expect their Sons ſhou'd love them heartily, without an hearty Allowance, its a ſign they have more Money than VViſdom; where Fathers are cloſe-fiſted, and think the want

Of Worldly Bleſſing does their Sons no wrong,
Thoſe Sons will think ſuch Fathers live too long.

(*Exeunt.*

FINIS.